Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Onely to part friends.
Curteſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companie?
Roſa. Your abſence onely.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſa. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Be. White-handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, and if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmeſey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber. Thou grieu'ſt my gall.
Qu. Gall bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with mee to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Pleaſe it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your Vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reaſon Lady why you aske.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?

Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mockes,
Will you giue hornes chaſt Ladie? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then; the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keene
As is the Razors edge, inuiſible:
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſence of ſence ſo ſenſible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrowes, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.
Roſa. Not one word more, my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches you haue ſimple wits.

Exeunt.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muſcouites.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breathes puft out.
Roſa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout,
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelues to night?
Or euer but in vizardes ſhew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſute.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword:
No poynt (quoth I:) my ſeruant ſtraight was mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his heart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go ſickneſſe as thou art.
Roſ. Well better wits haue worne plaine ſtatute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue ſworne.